

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencraus and Gylidensterne.

Gyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruilous disempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtisie is not of the right breede, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseafd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes, your behaviour hath strooke her into a
amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Prince of Denmark

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your
ly barre the doore vpon your owne
your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you
selfe for your succession in Denmark.

Enter the Player's wife.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse groweth
musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see
doe you goe about to recouer the w
me into a toyle?

Gyl. O my lord, if my duty be to

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that

Gyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gyl. Beleue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Gyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouern
gers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with
most eloquent musique, looke you.

Gyl. But these cannot I commaund
haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now: how
me, you would play vpon mee, you
you would plucke out the hart of my
from my lowest note to my compass
cellent voyce in this little organ, yet
do you think I am easier to be plaid
strument you wil, though you fret me
God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd th

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Ca

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Weze

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.